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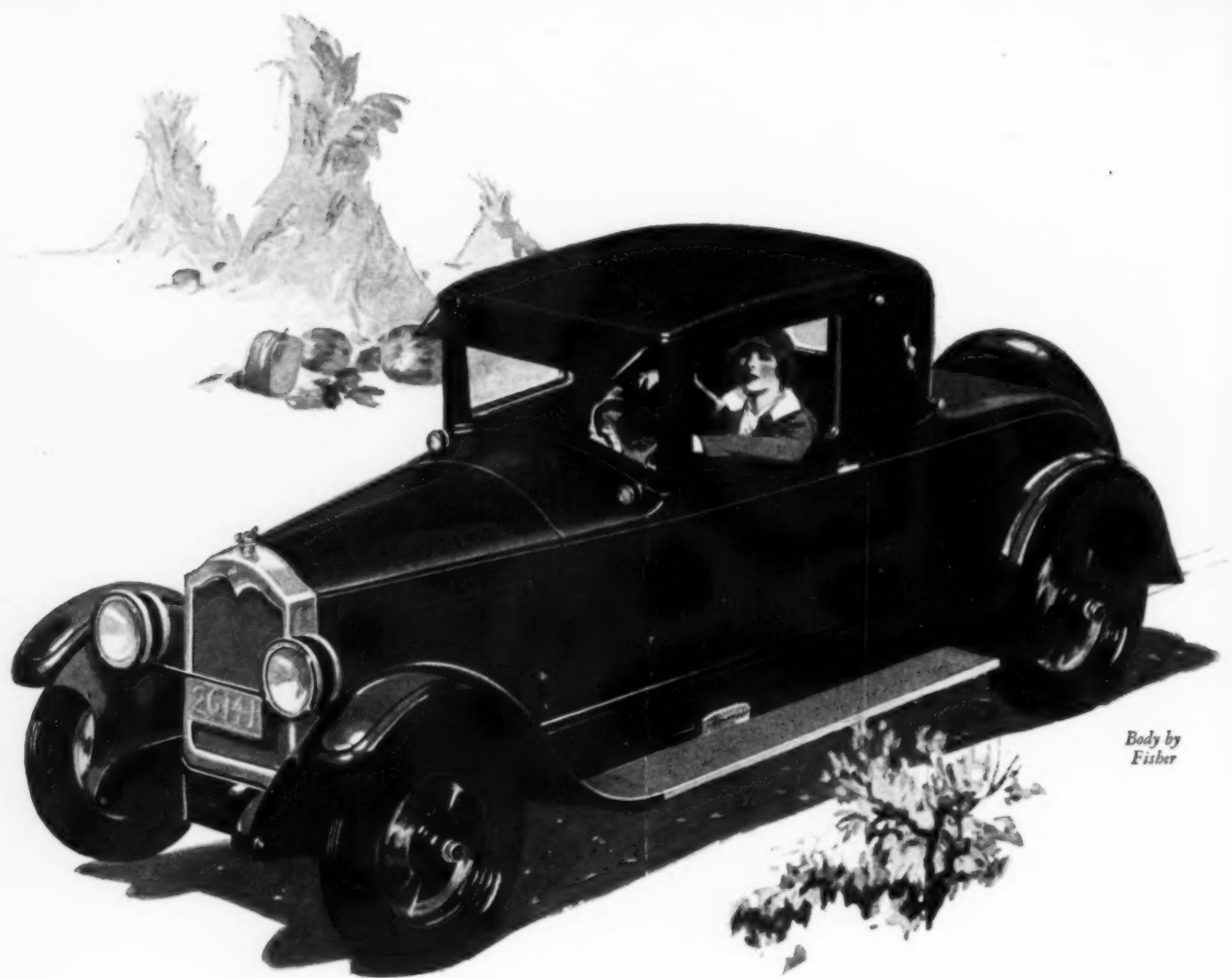
OCTOBER 21, 1926

PRICE 15 CENTS



John Held Jr.

A Poor Fish Out of Water



PRINCELY BEAUTY and luxury adorn the Greatest Buick Ever Built and furnish exquisite atmosphere for performance that has startled the motor car industry. The Valve-in-Head Engine in this new Buick is literally *vibrationless beyond belief*, at every speed.



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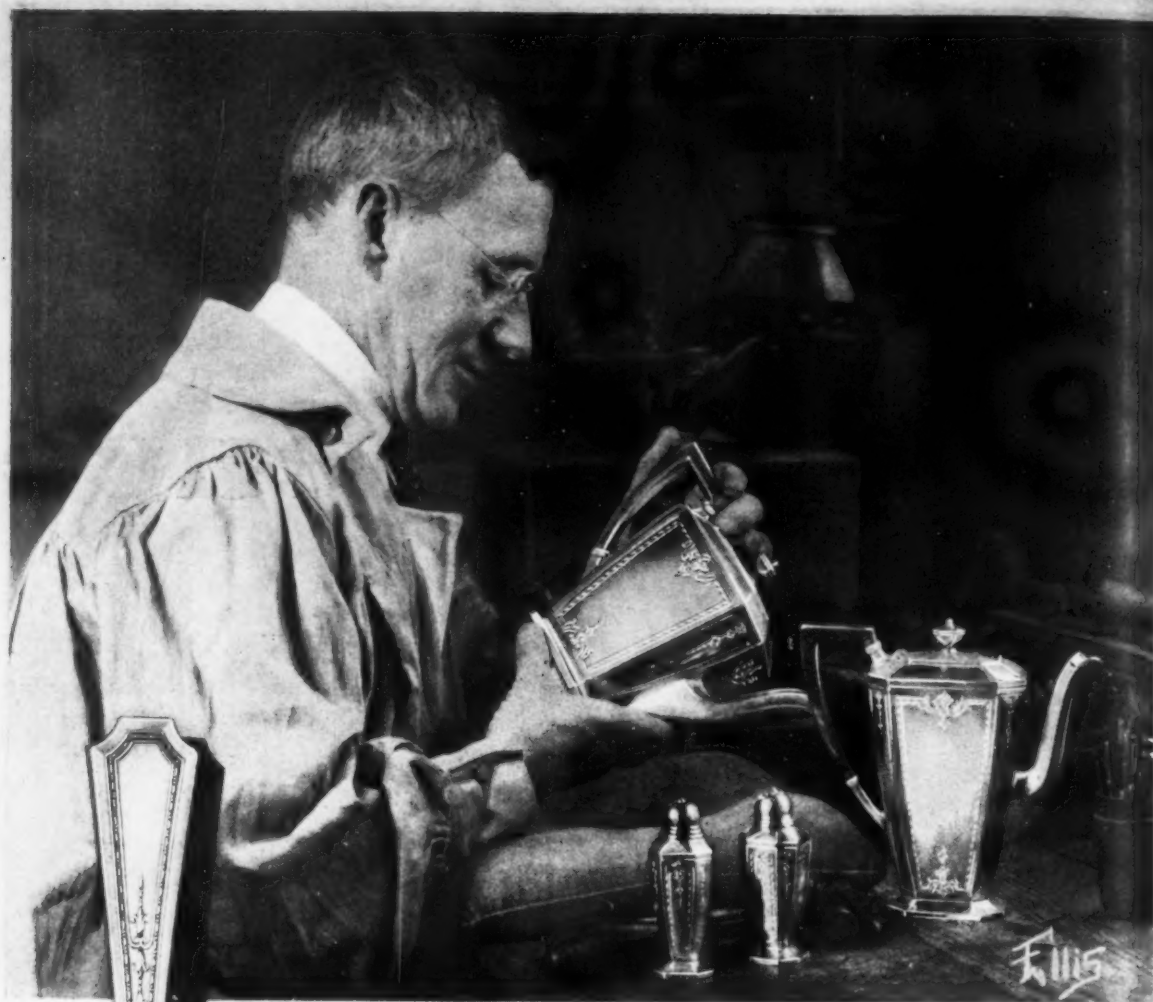
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never before experienced in
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Wrought so skillfully time cannot dim its beauty.

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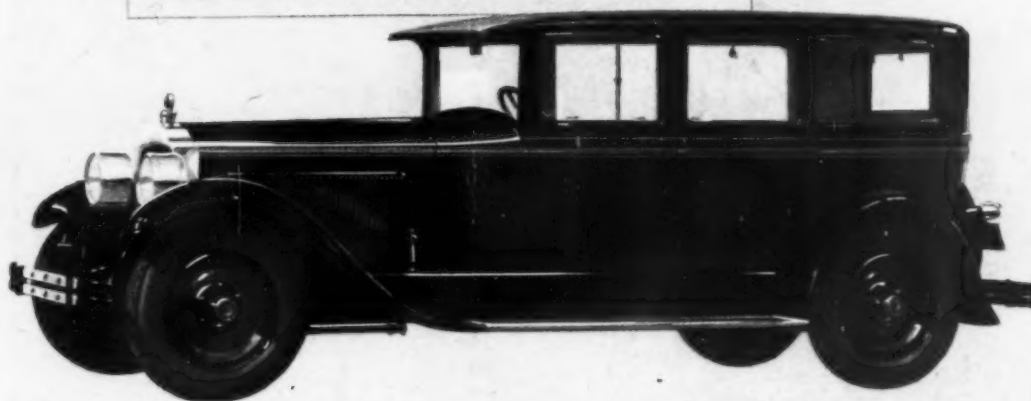
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*Perfume in France? — One cannot but be struck by the
— names Le JADE, ROGER & GALLET, and many others — one
— favored perfume is called — One cannot but be struck by the*

Here's a cigarette

--MARLBORO



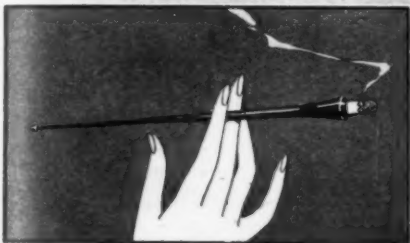
that starts well—

20 for 20¢



wins favor as you smoke—

sold everywhere



and ends by making a
new friend every time



THE MILDNESS OF
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THE ORIENTAL LEAF

THE MILDNESS OF
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PHILIP MORRIS & CO., LTD.



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MARLBORO Cigarettes have found a place of honor in pockets and handbags of leaders in almost every club and community in the United States.

Tried them yet? Say MARLBORO next time you walk up to a cigar counter! They lend an added charm to smoking.

Mild as May

20 for 20¢

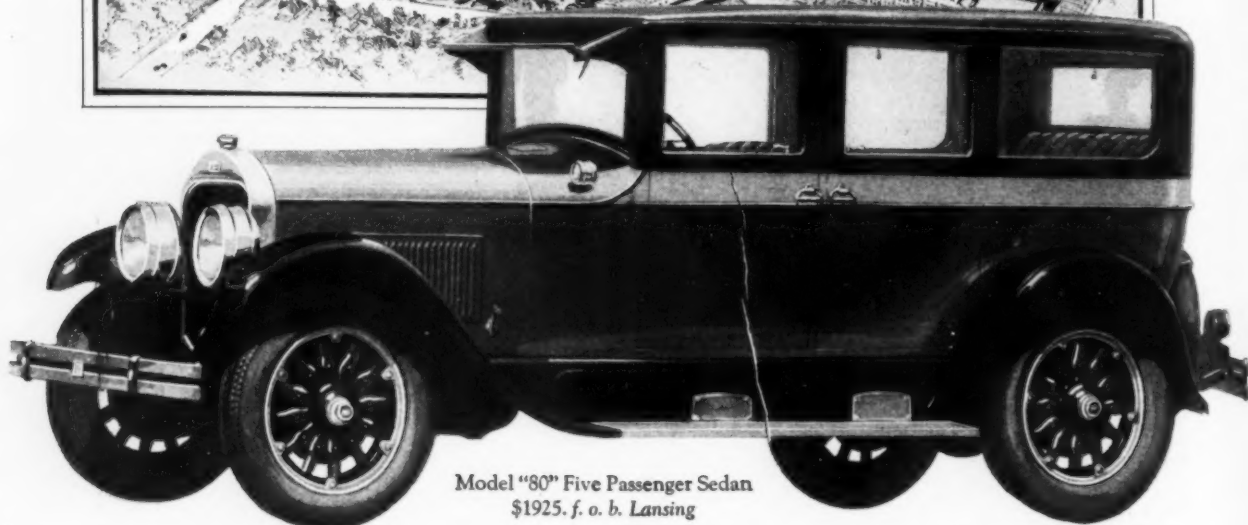
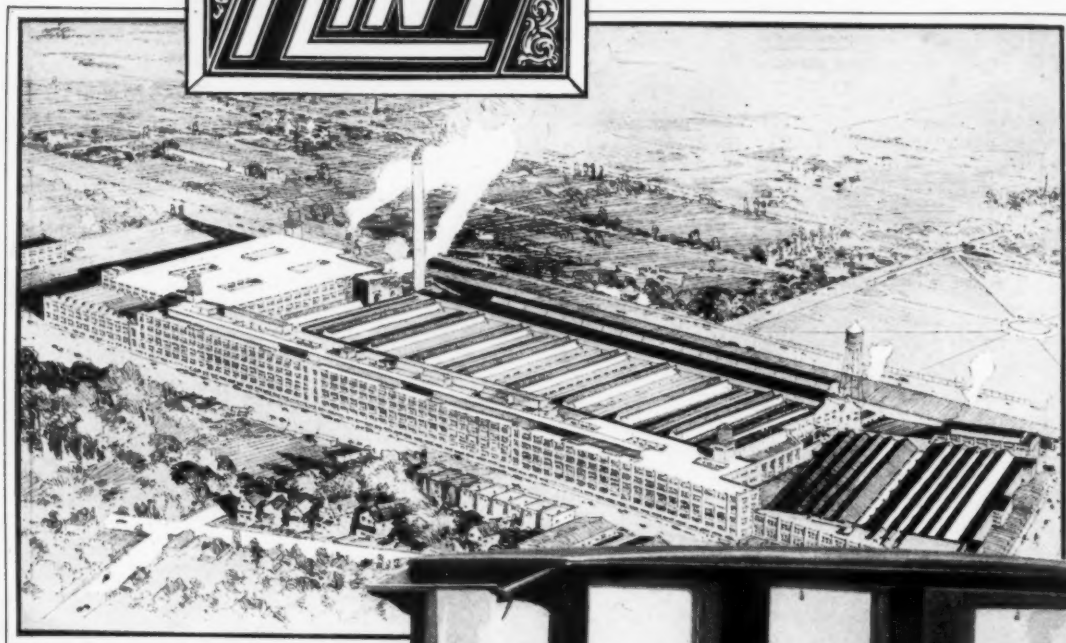
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CIGARETTES

Created by PHILIP MORRIS & CO., Ltd., Inc.



The Home of the FLINT, Elizabeth, N. J.

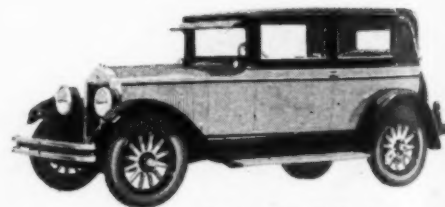


Model "80" Five Passenger Sedan
\$1925. f. o. b. Lansing

THREE THINGS BEHIND THE FLINT

A great factory (the world's largest automobile plant under a single roof)—a great reputation (owner good will, the only kind that counts)—and mechanical superiority (one feature—the seven bearing crankshaft—Flint introduced in the medium priced class). These three things are your guarantee of stability, prestige, and value in your next motor car—a Flint.

FLINT MOTOR COMPANY, ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY
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Junior Coach De Luxe
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FLINT-SIX

Flint quality is available in three price ranges—

Flint Junior—\$960—\$1,075
Flint "60"—\$1,260—\$1,495
Flint "80"—\$1,450—\$2,125

Life

Suggested Gifts for Some of Our Celebrities

TO David Belasco, a dozen fresh clerical collars and a realistic painting of a harem interior.

To John Held, Jr., a dressmaker's dummy without legs.

To Jack Dempsey, a neatly lettered desk motto, "Your nose knows."

To ex-Mayor Hylan of New York, a copy of "Looking Backward" bound in thick calf.

To "Big Bill" Tilden, some French lace; we almost wrote "lacing."

To John S. Sumner, a desk paper weight, replica of the three inhibited monkeys, See No Evil, Hear No Evil, Speak No Evil.

To Andrew J. Volstead, statue of a camel, heroic size, for the lawn of his home in Granite Falls, Minn.
E. L.

Drifting with the Tied

1916 FRIEND: I saw you and your husband in the park last night. He had his arm around you.

1916 WIFE (swooning): That wasn't I!

Ten Years Later

1926 FRIEND: I saw you and your husband in the park last night. He had his arm around you.

1926 WIFE (blushing): That wasn't my husband.

FLOPSY: Dora has such generous impulses!

MOPSY: And such remarkable strength in resisting them!



"AUTOMOBILES ARE THE GREATEST CURSE OF CIVILIZATION!"

"I CAN'T KEEP UP THE PAYMENTS ON MINE, EITHER."

Football

DURING the football season of 1926 the following things will take place:

The Harvard *Crimson* will again come out strongly against overemphasis and all the editors of the *Crimson* will bet every cent they have on the Yale game.

All the college presidents will deliver harangues in favor of the purity of amateur athletics and 287 half-backs will receive fifty dollars an hour for taking care of the children of rich alumni.

143 icemen will appear in football uniforms and look eager. Two weeks later 142 of them will be delivering ice again. The 143rd will make a yard and a half off tackle in the Squeedunk game, whereupon every newspaper in the country will print the headline, "Second Red Grange Flashes Across Horizon."

236 young men will twist their knees and be incapacitated for three weeks as Charlestoners.

1 young man will drop a punt and be incapacitated forever as a bond salesman.

E. L. G.

An Event

MIST: So they are ideally mated?

DOWNPOUR: Yes. He's a born leader of men and so is she!



Audrey: OH, HOW I HATE HIM—HATE HIM—HATE HIM!

Jane: AND HOW LONG HAS THIS ROMANCE BEEN GOING ON?



Preacher: IF ANY MAN KNOWS WHY THESE TWO SHOULD NOT BE WED, LET HIM SPEAK NOW OR FOREVER HOLD HIS PEACE.
Voice in the Rear: DON'T LET HIM MARRY THAT GIRL—SHE MIGHT BE LON CHANEY!

The Merry, Merry Rushing Season

"YES, we're one of the oldest fraternities. Old and conservative, you know. Only about thirty chapters. All at the best institutions."

"Yeah, we're Junior Society at Yale; founded there, in fact, 1722. Pretty old, you see."

"Chapter at Michigan? Sure; damned good one, too. This end, what was his name? All-American from Michigan last year. Well, he's from our house there."

"Yeah, we got the publications all sewed up here on campus. Got everything else worth having, too. Men in every class society. That fellow over there with the horn-rim glasses, he's Joe Marshall, editor of the *Green Bantam*, campus comic monthly, like *LIFE*, you know."

"What, your old man knows Judge Pennyroyal? Is that so? Say, Old Penny is a great old boy. Yeah, he's one of our Alums. Gets the boys out of trouble. Class of '96, I think. Hey, Pete, what class was Old Penny?"

"Well, I tell you, Mathers

—you're Mathers, aren't you?—the boys here like you a lot, but, you see, we sorta got our quota full up for this fall. You know how it is. The Alums make us keep to a certain

quota. The boys like you, though, so just drop in any time. You're always welcome. Well, so long, Mannors; see you around campus."

"Oh, yeah, you were fullback on the Idaho All-State Prep Team, huh? Say, that's fine. I tell you, let's take a walk. I'll get Jerry Minnering and we'll show you the library. What d'you say to that?"

"Fraternities expensive? Naw. Just a couple of assessments now and then. Nothing to speak of. Aw, you can get by easy."

"Well, now, McCracken, the boys here all like you a lot. Think you're the type that'd fit in well with us. We know you like us, so, McCracken, I now offer you a formal bid into this chapter of this fraternity. Do you accept? Say, I knew you would. Glad to have you with us, Mac. Say, now, what in hell did I do with that button?"

Donald Plant.



"IF YOU DON'T MIND MY SAYING IT, THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I EVER SAW A CRUST ON CUSTARD PIE."

"YOUR MISTAKE, BROTHER. THAT'S DUST!"

FATHER'S Version: You just know she wears 'em out.

The Fifth Estate

As chief editorial writer for *Daily Dirt*, the fastest-growing tabloid on earth, Muffkins didn't fit. Though his writings revealed profound depths of knowledge and were couched in perfect and simple English, they were tossed away time after time in favor of some garbled paragraphs from the third assistant sporting editor or the young lady who ran the Lonesome Lives department.

"F Gaw's sake, Muffkins," the editor of *Daily Dirt* snorted at him one day, "get down to earth! Write so the people can understand ya! Lay off the highbrow! Can't yer typewriter talk no English?"

So Muffkins meditated diligently and produced the following:

"HEY, GUY, are YOU a SQUARE SHOOTER? Are YOU ready to hand the next bozo a sock in the jaw or pull him out from under the brass rail?"

"LISTEN, BUDDY, here's an earful! BRUSH those cobwebs out of your CONK and get WISE to yourself! This isn't the BANANA OIL nor the BOLOGNY!"

"When the next bird crabs YOUR act, don't stick barbed wire in HIS chair! Nix! Pulling a deal like THAT won't get you any extra lilies on YOUR coffin!"

"Here's the DOPE and you can lay your beevee-dees it's the GOODS! When the other bimbo crosses you with a LIME, slip a HONEYDEW into his mitt! Always treat the other GAZABE like YOU'D want the BERRIES served to YOU! That'll earn YOU your HALO in the fluffy land above!!!"

"Swell!" commented the editor enthusiastically, when Muffkins placed his effort on his desk. "Swell and understandable and original! I always knew you had it in you, my boy. Speak to the cashier about a raise in pay."

So Muffkins, having won undying fame by his Americanization of the Golden Rule, set himself to concocting another strictly original mold for public opinion in the form of a popular version of the Lord's Prayer.

Tip Bliss.

TWO flappers were talking over a name on a billboard.

"He's famous, ain't he?" said one.

"No, I never heard of him."



The Blonde: I ALWAYS MAKE A PRACTICE OF SAYING JUST WHAT I THINK.

The Man: SWELL! WE'LL HAVE A NICE QUIET EVENING.

Casualty

HILL: What happened to Clarice at the beach?

BILLY: You know she's got one of those snappy suits.

HILL: Yeah?

BILLY: Well, it snapped.

The Advance Sale

SENIOR: Do you think interest in football is declining?

JUNIOR: It certainly is. I've just come from the ticket office, and they still had some seats for a game in 1928.



Small Boy: is that YOUR IDEA OF A SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE?

Mrs. Pep's Diary



Young Son (to his newly divorced mother): WHAT
RELATION IS FATHER TO ME NOW?

A Bargain

JOKESMITH: All I do is write my jokes and articles.
My wife mails them out to the editors.

SECOND JOKESMITH: My wife tried that but couldn't
remember any addresses except that of LIFE.

J.: Why LIFE?

S. J.: Because it is at "\$5.98" Madison Avenue.

THE average American father looks with dread upon
the day when he will have to bear the heartbreaking
news to his son that there isn't any White House Spokes-
man and that it's just Cal Coolidge dressed up.

September
29th

Our house in the greatest confusion because
of our removal on the morrow, but I did
keep to my bed late, nevertheless, feeling like
the boy on the burning deck, and in reading the public
prints did marvel, somewhat regretfully, that I do never
seem to find the name of an acquaintance in the lists of
dead and injured printed therein after any calamity.
Pondering, too, on the resumption of social duties which
will soon be upon us all,
and on how frequently I
do seem of late to be taking
part in conversation which
is nothing but polite, such
as when some one says,
And were you away this
summer? I must needs re-
spond, Yes, we spent six
weeks in Cooperstown.
Whereupon I am straight-
way interrogated as to this
and that about our holiday
by persons who have no
interest soever in my re-
sponses, and I do believe
that if I did give some
elaborate and scandalous
answer to every point put
to me, my inquisitors would
mutter their usual, Isn't
that nice? or How lovely!
It is amazing to me, more-
over, how some women on
whose education a consid-
erable sum has been laid
out can consider the short-
comings of a servant, the
chicanery of a butcher or the precocity of a child as suit-
able tea-table topics. . . . Up and forth to the shops to buy
the long list of vital household necessities which my servant
Virgie had made out for me, but in Bloomingdale's I did
run across Effie Goings, who persuaded me into a Colonial
afternoon, so that I reached home having purchased nought
for which I had set out save some new Victrola records.
Sam back from his business journey at midnight, and
in the highest spirits, too, grabbing a scrap of a paper
from my bed-table and bawling, What is this that I find
here—have you been deceiving me? Just wait, Madam,
till I finish reading this! and unfortunately I did shush
him so that the neighbors, who must have been hanging
out their windows by that time, could not hear his
dramatic intonation of the grocery order, which went,
White Rock, eggs, Lux, etc., and now I do dread to go
down in the elevator on the morrow.



"GEORGE, DID YOU EVER
RIDE IN ONE OF THEM
ROLLER COASTERS?"

"I SHOULD SAY NOT! IT
MAKES ME DIZZY JUST TO
LOOK AT THEM!"

September
30th

Up very betimes, in order that my bed
might not be literally taken from under me,
and, after cautioning the servants not to let
the movers break my fifteen-dollar perfume or drink any
of the cooking sherry, out in the streets to get away
from the turmoil so early that I felt as if I ought to

(Continued on page 39)

The Sport of Sports

OH, some may thrill to the bugle's trill
Of the hunt at the break of dawn,
Or the rousing sport of the tennis court
On the green of a well-kept lawn,
And some may speak of the crash of cleek
As the ball down the fairway slams,
But give me the grandest sport of all,
A game of Anagrams.

A game of Anagrams, my lads,
And a rollicking spelling song,
And who'll not thrill to a well-played kill

Of a word eight letters long?
So here's to the sport of sports, my lads,
And give it a hearty cheer—
Oh, a rollicking game of Anagrams
And a good song ringing clear!

Though some, indeed, of a sluggish breed,
Dull clods of a baser sort,
May sit unstirred by the hard-fought word
And the tingling zest of sport,
Yet here's to the lad whose blood runs mad
As the letters turn and fall!
So yodels for a game of Anagrams
And the sound of the Red Gods' call!

So hark to the Red Gods' call, my lads,
And the riotous sap of spring,
Let a cheer be heard for the well-spelled word;
For youth will have its fling.
And a rouse for the missing vowels, my lads,
As the long-sought word draws near—
Oh, a jolly old game of Anagrams,
And a good song ringing clear!
Newman Levy.

More Like It

AN English musical critic declares that "jazz is on the horns of a dilemma." If he will look again he will probably find that the horns are only a couple of second-hand saxophones.

AMERICA conquered the English Channel. Now let's tackle the English language.



"I'M GLAD I'M NOT GOING ON THIS WORLD CRUISE—I'D RATHER SEE THE WORLD PIECEMEAL."

And She Did

WIG: How do you mean you married her for money? She hasn't a cent.

WAG: I know that, but a fellow bet me a thousand dollars the other day that she wouldn't say yes when I proposed.

THE launching of a new magazine designed especially for parents fills a long-felt want. It will keep them amused while they are sitting up waiting for the click of the latch-key.

The Real Estate Man Chooses a Wife

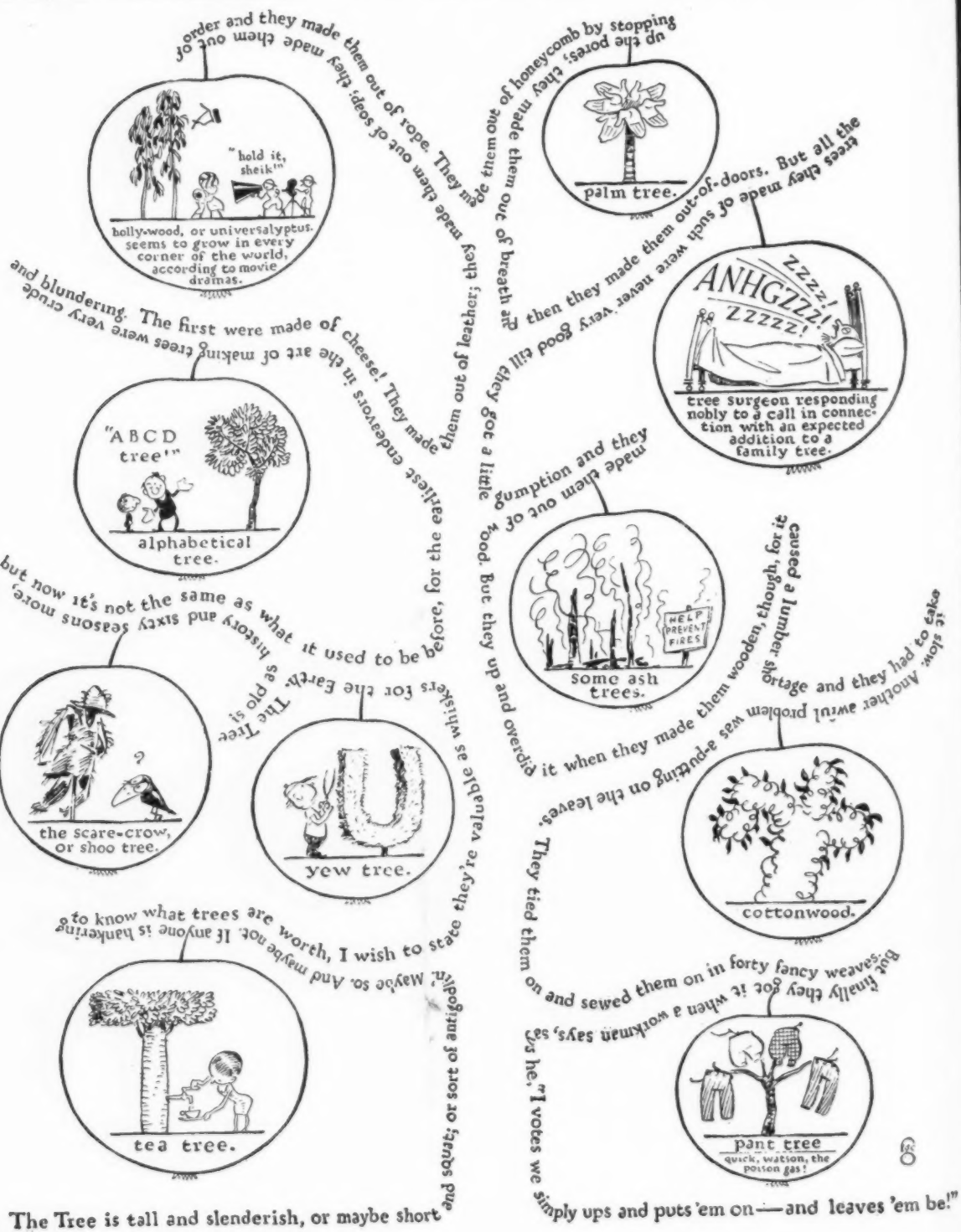
LIGHT and airy.
Every modern improvement.
Plenty of baths.
100% co-operative.
Meal service available.
Bound to increase in value.
A quiet home atmosphere.
On the right side of Park Avenue.
In the heart of an exclusive residential colony.
Ready this autumn.
Inquire on the premises.

W. W. S.



Little Barbara: OH, GOD, WATCH OVER MY DARLING MOTHER.
Betty: AND GOD, IT WOULDN'T HURT TO KEEP AN EYE ON THE OLD MAN, TOO!

T R E E T R A L A



Life



Lines

THE ex-Kaiser is getting \$250,000,000 for giving up his titles. The unfortunate thing about this is that it may put ideas into the heads of American heavyweight champions.

⌄

Fleeting is fame. The other day a paper referred to "JACK DEMPSEY, husband of ESTELLE TAYLOR."

⌄

Five relatives of President COOLIDGE are touring the United States as an orchestra. This looks like the first definite bit of hope for the Democratic Party.

⌄

The Lord Bishop of London, returning from America, announced that he was unable to distinguish between a Republican and a Democrat. It's easy, your Lordship. A Republican says, "Just look at prosperity under COOLIDGE"; a Democrat says, "Yes—just look at it."

⌄

Recent floods in the South have been the greatest in history. In many cities and towns the water got up to the edge of the girls' skirts.

⌄

GILDA GRAY has been decorated with the Polish Legion Cross, "in recognition of her artistic contributions to the fame of Poland." But where can she pin it?

⌄

England is up in arms because of H. G. WELLS's alleged slur against King GEORGE in his latest book. In this country the sensation comes when any one has anything nice to say about a public character.

⌄

A dispatch from the Detroit scrap-yards says that HENRY FORD has found a use for every part of the Shipping Board's wartime fleet. Everything, that is, but the scandal.

⌄

"The Dila Alpha Class of the Baptist Church will hold their monthly business meeting at the church Friday, May 14, at 6:30. Members are asked to bring their husbands and something in a covered dish, but no rolls."

—Herkimer (N. Y.) Evening Telegram.

Inaugurating "Eat-More-Husbands Week."

A Winner

CRITIC: If this play isn't any good why are you going to produce it?

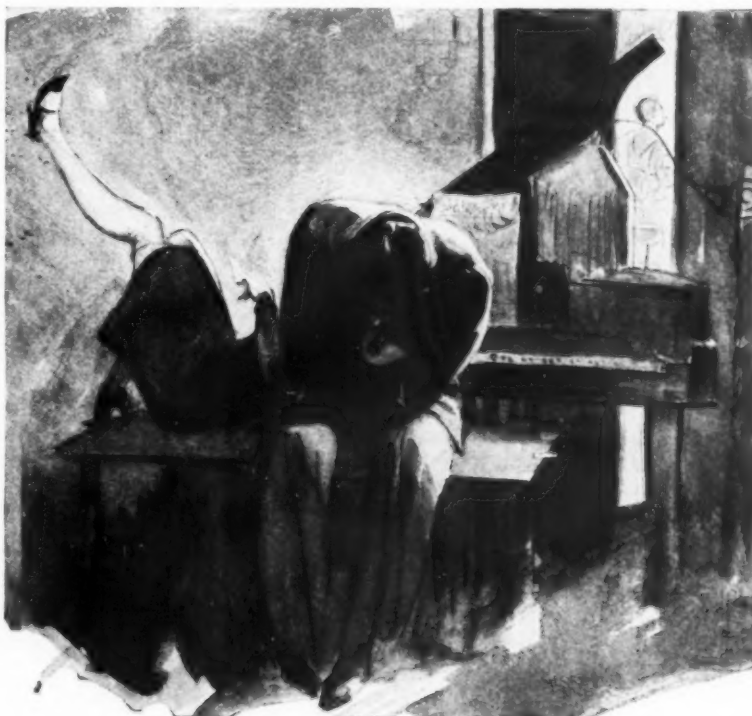
THEATRICAL MANAGER: Because it's a sure-fire hit. We have a Channel swimmer and a professional tennis player in the cast.



"HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN OUT OF WORK, MY GOOD MAN?"
"I CAN'T RECOLLECT, MAM, BUT I KNOW IT NEVER SEEMS LONG ENOUGH."

Sweet to Hear

"DID you ever fall in love with words?" inquire Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls as one man. Oh, yes, indeed! Such as "Enclosed find check."



In the Dark

He (pleadingly): SAY THAT YOU CARE FOR ME A LITTLE, DARLING!
She: WELL, TURN ON THE LIGHT UNTIL I SEE WHO YOU ARE.



Stranger: A BANKER, EH? AND HE'S THE RICHEST MAN HERE, YOU SAY?

Citizen: YES, HE'S SAVED UP HALF OF WHAT EVERYBODY IN THIS TOWN EARNED.

The Perfect Soporific

SCHEHERAZADE was in a terrible predicament. Before her wavered the very shadow of death. Her last story was not going any too well with the Sultan and it would soon have to end. Her resourcefulness seemed to be exhausted. The wicked gleam in the Sultan's eyes suggested prison chambers and flashing scimitars. He was waiting for her to stop...to give up...to admit defeat. Suddenly she had a brilliant inspiration. Only one thing could save her.

"My stories," she broke in just as all plot inventiveness failed her, "will be broadcast from the following radio studios." And then she proceeded to name the thousand and one stations from Mecca to Mogador, not omitting Fort Worth and Schenectady.

She was saved again. The Sultan was sound asleep. E. L.

TEACHER IN LIT. COURSE: Who wrote "An American Tragedy"?

LIT. STUDENT: Andrew Volstead.

The Misanthrope

I DON'T care about anything.

I don't care who won the war or whether or not we get the debts collected or who won the heavyweight championship.

It doesn't matter to me if the United States never does recapture the tennis title; and as for the Davis Cup, we can lose it to France or to Spain or under the chiffonier or however we please—it won't faze me in the slightest.

Bobby Jones and Walter Hagen could play an exhibition match in my front yard and I wouldn't even go out to see which one was being thrown down and trampled on oftener by the gallery.

I don't even care whether or not they repeal the Volstead Law.

I'm just not interested in the universe, that's all—it's a mess and not worth bothering about.

But if good old Squeedunk doesn't crash through against those low-lives from Podunk next Saturday I'm going to howl and jump up and down and tear my hair and yell for the coach's head and say wherein'ell is the old fight and why don't we get a backfield and "We want a touchdown! We want a touchdown! We want a touchdown! We want——"

E. L. G.

Another Success Story

ACCORDING to editors, his verse was insipid, mawkish, sentimental, useless, worthless, terrible, sickly sweet, sugary, inane, asinine, girlish, childish and foolish.

For ten years he starved, convinced of his own ability, but unable to convince his best friends that his work was worth reading or writing.

One day it occurred to him to write a popular ballad. To-day he is America's greatest song writer.

Hans Hansl.

Very Brief Essay on the Difficulty of Pleasing the Female of the Species

ASAN FRANCISCO woman got a divorce because her husband, a saxophone player, was away from home too many nights.



GO-GETTERS



The Gay Nineties

ACTOR FOLKS BEFORE THE DAYS OF BOOKING AGENCIES. THE ROAD COMPANIES OF "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" OFTEN TRAVELLED ON VERY THIN ICE.

At a Performance of "Iolanthe"

THE musical fiend in the first row who ignores the stage entirely, reserving all his attention for the movements of the sunken orchestra, leaning back very, very patiently during the moments of spoken dialogue. ...The lady who buys the libretto during the intermission, having finally come to see the truth of her friends' warning that you don't always understand the words. ... "F' Gawd's sake, I thought this was a musical comedy or a revue or somethin'. What kinda crazy show is this?" ...The fan who is attending for the fifth time and starts humming each aria just before the actual music begins. ... The diaphanous, ethereal fairies, with shoes from I. Miller, who expend pounds of energy to appear blithesome and carefree. ... "I wonder how that Lord Chancellor can make himself so silly. The whole thing is rather childish, isn't it?" ...The balcony

attendant who is kept in practically continuous hysterics by the chanted asides and the chorused expressions of feeling. ...The ushers who hand out cards requesting the suggestion of another Gilbert-Sullivan opera to be performed and who receive about two dozen responses, this being the approximate number of attendants acquainted with the works of those collaborators. ... "That Phyllis girl certainly can sing, can't she?" "Sh-h-h, I'm trying to make out what she's saying." ...

Simonetta.

Author's Rights

POLICE SERGEANT: That gunman has made a written confession.

CAPTAIN: Already? Good work!

"Not so good; he has it marked 'Not for publication.'"



"WENTWORTH AND NED RAN HITHER AND THITHER."

The Harcourts of Kensington

or,

How the Roguish Ned Returned from the Surf-Side

By Percy Crosby

"GOOD morrow," greeted Ned; "may I invite Wentworth to go wading in the brook with me?"

"Gracious!" replied Mrs. Harcourt. "You mean to go without foot apparel?"

"I was about to suggest such a procedure," Ned confessed.

Mrs. Harcourt was troubled, for Ned had just returned from the sea-side. She secretly felt that his nurse had allowed him to wade at the surf-side with pail and shovel. Mother-like, she feared that he had rollicked and tossed sea shells into the waves on more than one occasion. Even so, Mrs. Harcourt could not help liking the fun-loving playmate, as did pussy tip-toes, but he, sly fellow, remained hiding. Now Ned was not a bad boy, gentle reader, but the roguish little fellow dearly loved a prank. At this point, Wentworth approached.

"Ah, Ned, what wild adventure are you suggesting to Mother?"

"I did hope," and Ned lowered his eyes, "I did hope that you might participate in a little adventure—namely, to go wading in the brook."

Wentworth paled at the daring suggestion; however, it must be confessed that the allusion to crime deepened his admiration for Ned.

"What does Mother say?" asked Wentworth, aghast.

"I fear Mrs. Harcourt does not think well of the proposed peccadillo, do you, madam?"

"I could never consent to having my child and his manly little playmate wander to the brook without bootgear," said Mrs. Harcourt. "Suppose Mr. Hollingsworth and Mr. Harcourt, on their return from the counting-house, should perchance witness the spectacle?"

"Perish the illusion!" sobbed Ned.

"However," added Mrs. Harcourt,



MR. HARCOURT RETURNS FROM THE COUNTING-HOUSE.

"I do consent to having you both romp in the orchard without your hats, but only for five minutes."

"Oh, jolly for Mother!" cried Wentworth, gleefully.

"Thrice jolly!" reiterated Ned.

Frisk, the meddlesome fellow, wagged his tail in approval, as much as to say, "Ah, there, what mischief is this afoot?"

Excited beyond all measure, the boys repaired to Wentworth's chamber in order to brush their stray locks, and then the fun-loving pair descended to the library.

"Hurrah! Hurrah!" they chorused, as hand in hand they passed Mrs. Harcourt.

"Bow! Wow!" barked Frisk, dog-like, as much as to say, "Ah, there, everybody."

Out in the orchard, Wentworth and Ned ran hither and thither, emitting shouts of merriment as they ran. Small wonder that Frisk was beside himself in an overflow of pure animal spirits. "Bow! Wow!" he barked. In sheer delight, he bounded at the heels of the frolicsome boys, intent upon circling every tree in the orchard.

Knowing that uncompromising obedience was the watchword in the Harcourt household, the boys were fearful lest during the excitement they had overstayed their leave. Therefore, there was no delay in returning to the house. It was well, because Mrs. Harcourt had kept strict track of the time, and was relieved when they returned with fully twenty seconds to spare.

"One—two—three," called Ned, winking suspiciously.

"Three cheers for Mrs. Harcourt! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!" (This had been concocted in the orchard.)

Mrs. Harcourt more than suspected Ned; however, not to be outdone, she had also prepared a surprise. There, before their very eyes, a pitcher of loganberry juice and two slices of angel cake had been placed. When toilets had been readjusted, you may rest assured little time was lost in disposing of the delicious repast.

Tiring

POST: Your flower beds are a paradise, old man.

PARKER: Garden of Weedn', I call it.

The Trusting Heart

O H, I'd been better dying,
Oh, I was slow and sad.
A fool I was, a-crying
About a cruel lad!

But one there was that found me,
That wept to see me weep,
And had his arm around me,
And gave me words to keep.

And I'd be better dying,
And I am slow and sad.
A fool I am, a-crying
About a tender lad!

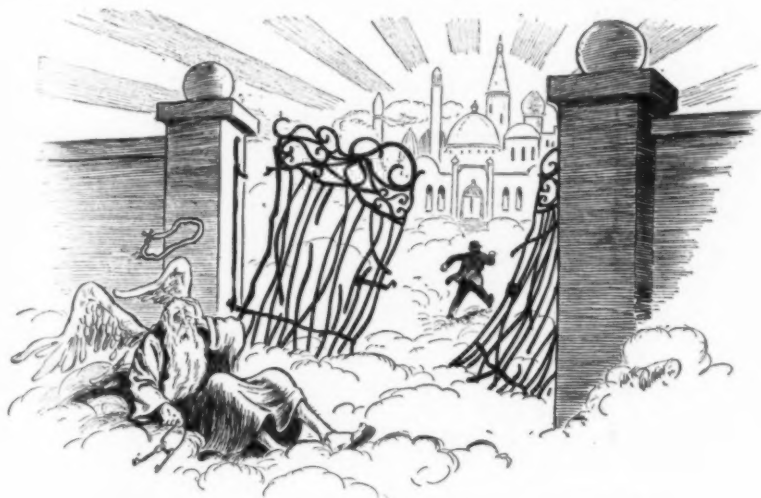
Dorothy Parker.

Kayo for Satan

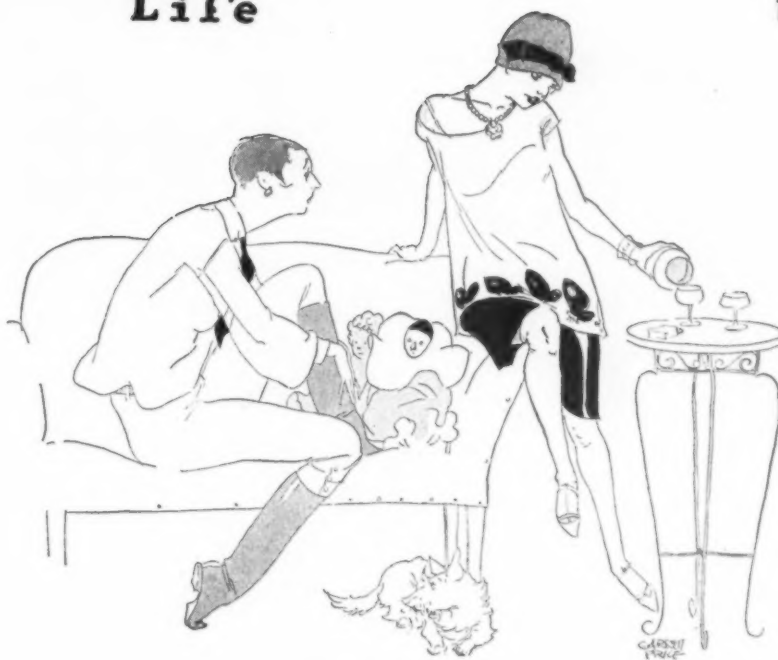
THE war between Satan and the Rev. William Frisbee, in the village of Milburn, was a lopsided affair. Dr. Frisbee, presiding at the little church on the corner, spoke often to empty pews. Satan, through the golf links, the dance hall and the motion-picture theatre, drew all the Sunday crowds.

"SABBATH GOLF, THE DEVIL'S LURE!" the sermon advertised for Sunday, October 3rd, was delivered to exactly fifty-nine people, the rest of the ten thousand inhabitants of Milburn having gone to the links, the dance hall or the picture show.

"THE DANCE HALL, THE ROAD TO HELL!" was the topic for the following Sunday. Forty-two people (all officers of the church) came to hear it. On that date, also, the dance hall had the biggest crowd in its history.



THE INVETERATE GATE-CRASHER GOES TO HEAVEN



Her Gift to Him

"DID SHE GO TO PARIS JUST TO GET A DIVORCE?"

"NO—THAT WAS AN AFTERTHOUGHT—SHE FELT THAT SHE WOULD LIKE TO BRING BACK ONE THING THAT HER HUSBAND WOULDN'T KICK ABOUT."

"SUNDAY MOVIES, THE HIGHWAY TO DAMNATION!" was slated for October 17th. It was Dr. Frisbee's supreme effort. Unfortunately, on the same date the local theatre put on a tremendous bedroom drama entitled, "The HELL YOU SAY!" and only twenty-eight people came to hear the sermon, some of the church officers having gone over to the picture show. Dr. Frisbee went home in disgust.

Satan was so highly elated that he resolved to visit the village the following Sunday. So, on October 24th, he put on his Sunday suit and came up to Milburn to look over his possessions.

He went first to the golf links. They were deserted. Then he went to the dance hall. Not a soul was there. Puzzled, he walked on to the motion-picture theatre. It was closed.

"Now, I wonder what the Devil is going on," muttered Satan.

Down the street, several blocks away, a great crowd was collecting. Satan joined it and shouldered his way to the center of the mob. Here he found the little church on the corner. The ten thousand inhabitants of Milburn were trying to get into it to hear Dr. Frisbee's sermon on "PAULINE, THE GIRL WHO WANTED A NECKING, AND WHAT HAPPENED TO HER IN THE PARKED CAR."

Asia Kagowan.

Model Medico

SHE: I've never met a physician who was so strictly professional as Dr. Smalley.

HE: He's a graduate of Cornell; that's why he's so Ithacal.



OCTOBER 21, 1926

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"While there is Life there's Hope"

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CHARLES DANA GIBSON, *President*R. E. SHERWOOD, *Editor*CLAIR MAXWELL, *Vice-President*F. D. CASEY, *Art Editor*LANGHORNE GIBSON, *Secretary and Treasurer*

ON the whole the most cheerful thing that has come out of Europe for some time past is the n i c k n a m e, "Uncle Shylock," that disorderly French writers have fastened on our Uncle Sam. It goes very well in this country and makes people smile. One finds it in Dean Inge's book associated with the suggestion that the British flag in Canada is still a protection to these States and that without it Europe might be tempted sometime to draw Uncle Shylock's teeth.

Perhaps the Dean was joking, but anyhow our relations to Canada are valuable in all particulars, making constantly for peace and good will. There are no people on earth who are as much like the people of the United States in their character, their feelings, their merits and their iniquities as the people of the British Dominions.

WRITERS of contemporary fiction nowadays incline considerably to naughtiness—British writers along with the rest. It is not so much that they behave worse than writers used to behave, but that they are so callous and so candid about it. They seem to have largely abandoned the notion that morals of sex, at least, are any longer worth while. As Mr. Kipling and Dean Inge got profuse advertisement for their new books by sassing the United States, now Mr. H. G. Wells has got his new novel into all the American headlines by sassing the King of England. King George is a good man and very popular. Curiously a traveler who returned from Arkansas the other day

reported that in talking international politics with inhabitants of that State he came repeatedly up against the opinion that England ought not to have any King. Royalty apparently does not suit Arkansas. Nevertheless, England likes it, and will probably go on with it in spite of Wells or of opinion in Arkansas. It is a personification of an idea. Perhaps Arkansas does not appreciate what the idea is and how useful it is to have it personified.

Mr. Wells does not appreciate it either. One reads the intimation that one of the loose-living characters that he has put into his new novel is himself and, of course, that adds to the advertisement. The Victorian story-tellers at least approved morality and even religion, but these moderns—oh, my! Arnold Bennett was listed the other day as one of a group of writers who had no religion. In a commentary on the back page of the *Evening Post* about the dissatisfaction of American readers of the generation now passing with the laxity of even the most respectable American magazines, *Scribner's* reported remonstrances at the morals in Galsworthy's stories. Kipling and Dean Inge are at least respectable characters. They may have terrible grouches but, so far as known, they are not personally on the loose. Does anybody think that the world in prospect is going to be shaped to the pattern drawn by Mr. Wells? Perhaps some people do. No doubt there are folks who believe that morals are a superstition and that we would be better off without them, but the expectations of such persons still represent the hopes of a minority. They do, however, offer

the question—How is this world going to be cleaned up?

HENRY FORD'S five-hour day may be partly due to a reduced demand for his factory products. When you go out on the road you can't help noticing the invasion of Henry's realm by grander and more expensive cars than his. The other companies have paid his methods the compliment of imitating them and produced a lot of cars which when they come to be second-hand can be bought as cheap as new Fords. All the same the five-hour day is a natural product of mass production which keeps workmen on one detail of work day in and day out and must be a very dull job. The natural way to alleviate it is by shortening the hours and increasing the pay. Neither of these expedients would look bad to Henry Ford. Consequently there is no sign of a decay of faculties in his new adventure. Probably, though not certainly, he is doing something first, just as usual.



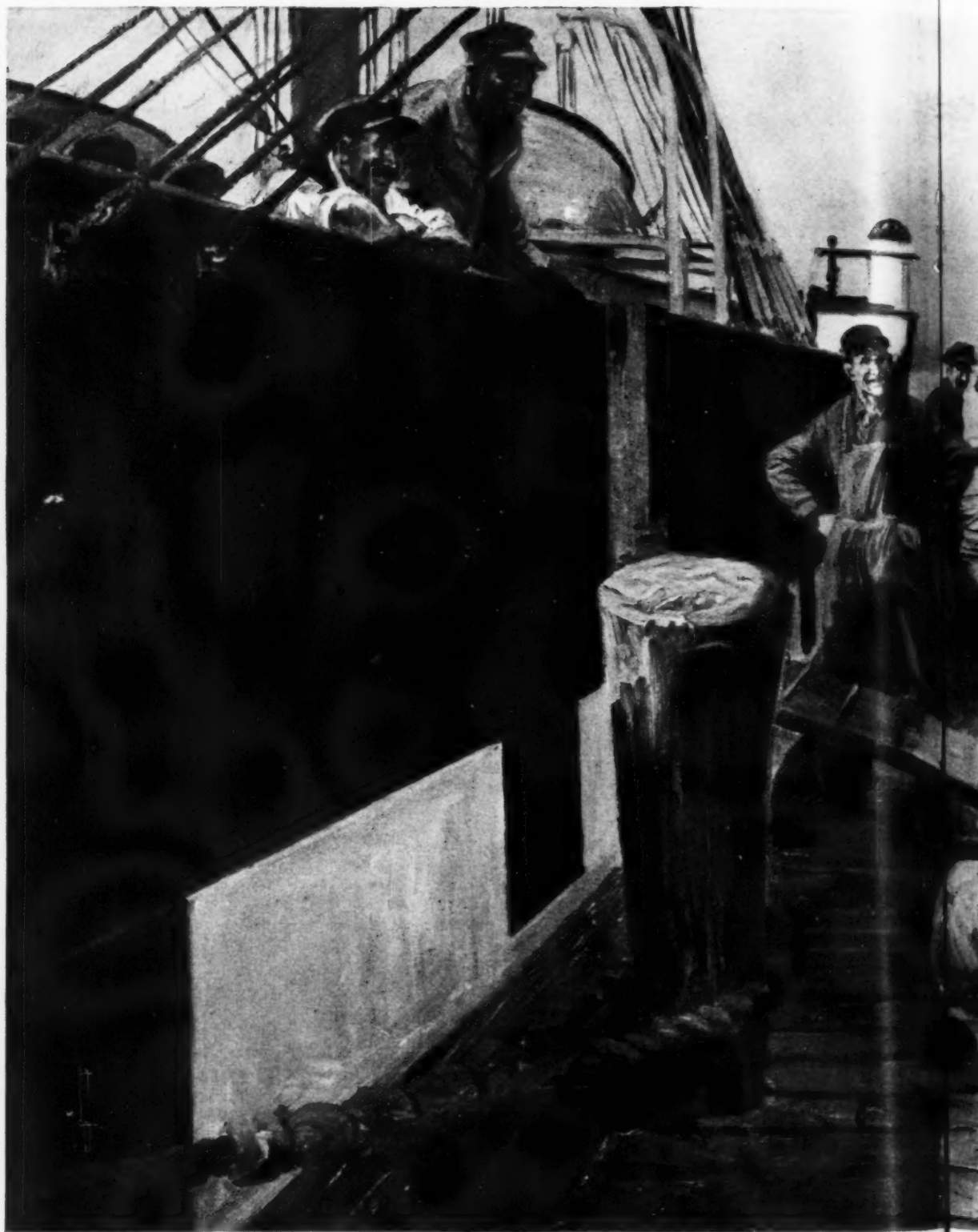
CHRISTIAN Scientists in Indiana want the State Board of Education to take out of the physiology text-books used in the State schools the reference to disease and disease symptoms. Their attorneys say that they do not oppose the teaching of hygiene or the care of the body, but object to compulsory teaching of disease. They would be satisfied if the courses they object to were optional.

They might very well be optional and no harm done, or text-books might be contrived for Christian Science school-children in which disease was hidden in cryptic language. Happily no one yet objects to teaching the multiplication table in schools, though as everybody now knows it is not infallible. Two and two do not always make four. So Einstein says or somebody else.

SECRETARY of Labor Davis wants to humanize the immigration laws so as to reunite members of thousands of families now separated. The law is too rigid. He wants Congress to let him have five or six thousand immigration permits to take care of hard cases. Here's hoping he will get them. E. S. Martin.



Why Girls Leave Home



Sailing O



Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

An American Tragedy. *Longacre*—The Dreiser opus dramatized, with Morgan Farley and Katherine Wilson. To be reviewed next week.

Black Boy. *Comedy*—The making of a colored champ. With Paul Robeson. To be reviewed next week.

The Captive. *Empire*—Reviewed in this issue.

Deep River. *Imperial*—A native opera with jazz by Frank Harling and Laurence Stallings. Reviewed in this issue.

The Donovan Affair. *Fulton*—The old inquiry into who killed Cock Robin.

The Ghost Train. *Eltinge*—That old midnight choo-choo, with a load of spooks aboard. Exciting if you are in the right mood.

The House of Tesser. *Mayfair*—This thing has gone far enough.

The Humble. *Greenwich Village*—A dramatization of Dostoevsky's "Crime and Punishment," with Basil Sydney and Mary Ellis. To be reviewed later.

The Immortal Thief. *Hampden's*—A play by Tom Cushing, with Walter Hampden. To be reviewed next week.

The Jeweled Tree. *Forty-Eighth St.*—An Egyptian fantasy. To be reviewed next week.

Juarez and Maximilian. *Guild*—With Alfred Lunt, Margalo Gillmore and Clare Eames. To be reviewed later.

Lulu Belle. *Belasco*—Lenore Ulric in her most vivid characterization—that of a Harlem harlot who goes the way of all flesh, but only after having had a very good time. Henry Hull as the deceived boy.

Sandalwood. *Gaiety*—An almost-good account of one man's struggle against the Babbitts. Pauline Lord makes it something to see.

Secret Sands. *Edyth Totten*—To be reviewed later.

Sex. *Daly's*—Traveling along on its name.

The Shanghai Gesture. *Forty-Sixth St.*—A gathering of the old boys of Madame Godam's class in Chinese vice, with a surprise for each one. Florence Reed as Teacher.

The Straw Hat. *American Laboratory*—To be reviewed later.

The Woman Disputed. *Forrest*—A war play with Lowell Sherman and Ann Harding. To be reviewed next week.

Yellow. *National*—A melodrama which you will never reproach yourself for not having seen.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*—A rumor that this is to close soon has completely disorganized this department. What would we do, at our age, thrown out of work? (Later.) Our panic has been somewhat allayed by a denial of the rumor from the Nichols headquarters. It has made us stop and think, however. No one is safe in these days of helter-skelter change.

At Mrs. Beam's. *Garrick*—A continuation of the amusing comedy which opened last spring at the Guild.

The Blonde Sinner. *Frolic*—Couldn't be worse. *Broadway.* *Broadhurst*—Couldn't be better. Plan now to see it around Christmas-time.

Buy, Buy, Baby! *Princess*—With Laura Hope Crews, Alison Skipworth and Edwin Nicander. To be reviewed later.

Fanny. *Lyceum*—Fannie Brice being funnier in a poor serious play than she has been for years in comic revues.

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes. *Times Square*—Reviewed in this issue.

The Good Fellow. *Playhouse*—With Jack Hazzard. To be reviewed next week.

Henry—Behave! *Bayes*—John Cumberland in a play which is funny at great effort.

Her Cardboard Lover. *Henry Miller's*—With Laurette Taylor and Leslie Howard. To be reviewed later.

The Home-Towners. *Hudson*—George M. Cohan makes an accurate transcription of small-town repartee, with the result that it is just as funny as small-town repartee is.

The Judge's Husband. *Forty-Ninth St.*—William Hodge in what a lot of people love to see William Hodge in.

Laff That Off. *Wallack's*—A good regulation Grade-B comedy.

The Lion Tamer. *Neighborhood*—To be reviewed next week.

The Little Spiffire. *Cort*—Just what you think it is.

Loose Ankles. *Billmore*—Inside dope on gigolos and gigoloing, some of it highly amusing.

She Couldn't Say No! *Ritz*—Florence Moore all over the place in hilariously effective clowning.

The Shelf. *Morosco*—If this was the best that Frances Starr could find to return in, she might better have waited.

Treat 'Em Rough. *Klaw*—With Genevieve Tobin and Alan Dinehart. To be reviewed next week.

Two Girls Wanted. *Little*—A nice little play which no amount of advertising in the world can make us think is spicy.

We Americans. *Harris*—To be reviewed later.

What Every Woman Knows. *Bijou*—Helen Hayes lending a new charm to Barrie.

White Wings. *Booth*—With Winifred Lenihan and J. M. Kerrigan. To be reviewed later.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Americana. *Belmont*—A satirical revue in small and satisfactory doses.

Castles in the Air. *Selwyn*—Regulation musical comedy, well done. Vivienne Segal and Bernard Granville.

Countess Maritza. *Shubert*—One of those big, high-class singing events from Vienna, with Yvonne D'Arle, Odette Myrtil and Walter Woolf. Comedy by George Hassell.

Criss-Cross. *Globe*—The Fred Stone show. To be reviewed later.

The Girl Friend. *Vanderbilt*—Last summer's song hits still good. Puck and White.

The Great Temptations. *Winter Garden*—If you like Winter Garden shows, this is a good one. Jack Benny makes it better.

Happy-Go-Lucky. *Liberty*—Fairly tuneful but pretty dull. Taylor Holmes and Lina Abarbanell.

Honeymoon Lane. *Knickerbocker*—Eddie Dowling's best show.

Iolanthe. *Plymouth*—When all others tire you, go back to this.

Naughty Riquette. *Cosmopolitan*—Mitsi as Mitsi.

A Night in Paris. *Forty-Fourth St.*—A revue with enough good stuff to pass the evening pleasantly.

Queen High. *Ambassador*—Probably the best of the new musical comedies, with Luella Gear, Frank McIntyre and Charles Ruggles.

The Ramblers. *Lyric*—Bobby Clark with at last enough room to work in.

Sunny. *New Amsterdam*—Marilyn Miller and Jack Donahue in the best of them all.

The Vagabond King. *Casino*—Still singing.

Vanities of 1926. *Earl Carroll*—This is said to be a better show now. It ought to be, with Julius Tannen, Moran and Mack, and Dale and Smith.

The Wild Rose. *Martin Beck*—With Lew Fields and Joseph Santley. To be reviewed later.



"Pour le Sport"



Prepared in Advance

REVIEWING "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" at this late date is like speculating on the chances of "Abie's Irish Rose." With every transatlantic liner listing heavily under its load of gift-copies of Anita Loos's book, with Chicago just recovering from its six-months' spending-debauch at the box-office of the play, and with every newspaper in New York running serial press-stories on the local opening, all that we have to do is to mention the name and add "Yes" to it.

No one ever claimed that it is a great comedy, any more than Miss Loos claimed that it was a great book when she furtively allowed it to be published. But it is highly effective entertainment. And that, as the producer in "The Butter and Egg Man" said, "is a hot piece of news" too.

In the rôle of *Lorelei*, the predatory ward of Mr. Eisman, June Walker gives evidence of being an even better actress than we had suspected, and we were never one to doubt Miss Walker's talents. It may not be an expert play, but the part calls for an expert actress. It also calls for an actress who can hold her own in the scenes with the unemotional *Dorothy*, who, as played by Edna Hibbard, is considerable competition. These two young ladies, with the lines which have been given them, could be in no play at all (as, indeed, they almost are), and furnish an elegant evening.

And when G. P. Huntley is added to the array, with lines which only G. P. Huntley can say, our desire to be judicial melts away and we unloosen our collar and settle back for a good, vulgar paroxysm. Good play-acting or not, Chicago hit or not, "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" is funny.



ANOTHER play which came to New York with much advance publicity—of a different nature—is "The Captive." This, we heard, had startled even Paris as "La Prisonnière," with its premise that gentlemen are not the only sex to prefer blondes.

We found "The Captive" startling enough, but not as a spicy morsel of *Psychopathia Sexualis*. It is startlingly fine drama. As its series of straightforward and honestly written scenes progressed, each with its own eye on the inevitable conclusion, we realized that here was no sordid prying into the back pages of Havelock Ellis, but a fine and genuine contribution to the theatre. Not having seen the Edouard Bourdet original in Paris, we can not let ourself go on that subject, but it is evident

that Arthur Hornblow, Jr., has done nothing in his translation that would slow up the pace. Mr. Hornblow, it seems to us, should be appointed official translator for all imported French plays.

The cast which Gilbert Miller has chosen only adds to the excellent effect. Miss Menken, in spite of her Fratellini make-up, Mr. Rathbone (who seems doomed to play strictly humorless gentlemen, but who plays them very well), Miss Andrews, and especially Mr. Arthur Wontner from London, all help make "The Captive" the thrilling and powerful play that it is.

And if we hear any one commenting unfavorably or jestingly on its theme as a reason for not seeing it, we are likely to fly into quite a rage.



WE don't know much about musical epochs, but we are afraid that "Deep River" does not mark a new one in American music. Frank Harling's music is often lovely, but seldom thrilling, and this in spite of a second act which has obviously been built up with voodoo choruses for the express purpose of thrilling and even terrifying. There were times when we might as well have been at the Metropolitan, so fidgety did we get.

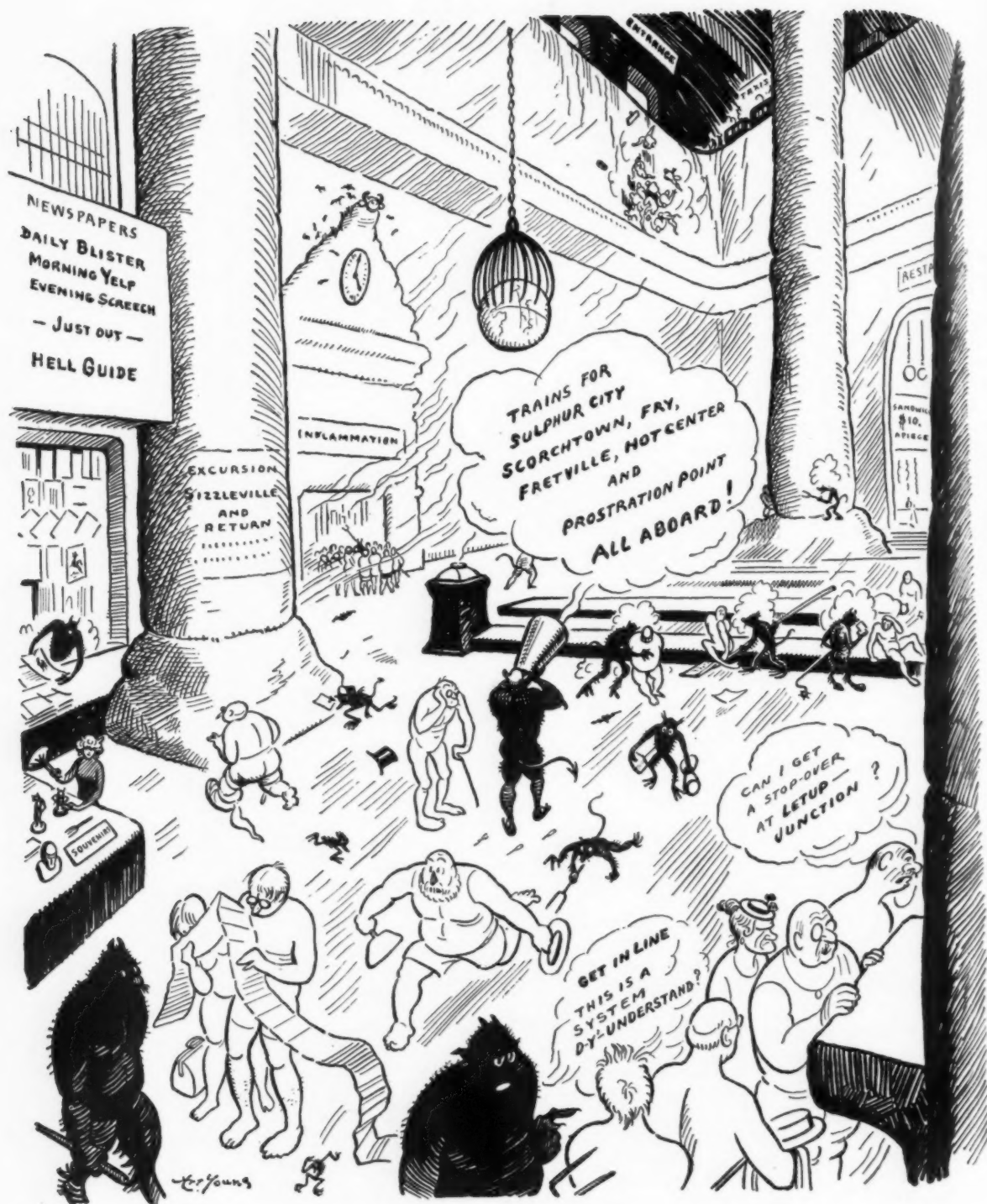
Furthermore, on those occasions when the composer lived up to his promise to make this a "native opera" with jazz, we were conscious of an incongruity of mood between the new rhythm and the old Creole spirit of New Orleans which was almost a matter for wincing.

Mr. Stallings's words may have been very nice, but we couldn't hear them on account of the orchestra. Still, one doesn't hear the words in grand opera; so that can't be important. We did gather the lyric information that Love is a flower, but that affected us emotionally neither one way nor the other.



ONE reason why we suspect the "significance" of the music in "Deep River" is that most of it was pleasant to the ear. Our taste in music is notoriously low, and we are quite often told that something we like particularly is fit only for That Quartette or the Cream City Boys. But, unless these ears have lost their cunning, most of the effect in the first act of "Deep River" was obtained by the lowly expedient of having a violin carry the tenor throughout. Now this was very pleasing to us personally—so it can't be very good.

Robert Benchley.



The Greater Inferno
The Union Depot

JUST BETWEEN US GIRLS



I'M positively CONSUMED with RAGE, my dear, because I mean I've simply LABORED entire MONTHS with these THINNING exercise effects and, my dear, I've GAINED five POUNDS—can you BEAR it? Well, I mean they SIMPLY do you NO good because they're not a BIT better than these reDUCING garment effects which are simply POISONous to WEAR and make you feel kind of like a balLOON or something and I mean I've simply reSIGNED myself to going on a FRIGHTfully strict DIET because this perfectly diVINE-looking young DOCtor that MOTHER has hanging aROUND all the time told me that the ACTually only REALLY way to get THIN was to DIET because he said it was ALL simply a matter of HYBOCARdrates or something and CALories or something in what you EAT, which comPLETELY baffled me, my dear, because I mean it all SOUNDS so kind of scientIFic and everything. Well, ANYways he exPLAINED to me that these CALoric effects are HEAT which makes you disGUSTingly fat if you keep EATing them and of COURSE, my dear, simply EVERYthing a girl would NATurally like—I mean perfectly LUScious chocolate CREAMS and HEAVENly SODas with whipped CREAM and everything are simply NOTHING but these obJECTIONable CALories and every kind of simply VILE food that is perfectly reVOLTING and everything has simply hyboCARdrates in it and absolutely NO calories. Well, I mean, wouldn't you simply KNOW it would be that way, my dear? ACTually I'm so de-

PRESSED about it I don't know WHAT to do! I mean I'm UTTERLY sunk—I ACTually AM! Because I mean I simply LOATHE giving UP all these perfectly diVINE things that have CALories in them but I mean I've simply GOT to, my dear, because I'm getting POSitively elePHANTine because I mean I ACTually weigh a HUNDRED and thirteen pounds, my dear—I mean I HONestly DO!"

Lloyd Mayer.

The Half-Hour Radio Concert

8:30—Announcement of the station letters, the announcer's greetings, his identification.

8:32—Naming of the corporation furnishing the entertainment.

8:33—Complete description of what the corporation manufactures, where it can be bought, reasons for its superiority.

8:38—Description of the factory and American branches.

8:40—This is to be an African program. Description of the African branch, the natives, how they got that way, if any, and inspirational value of product.

8:43—Introduction of the troubadours. Each responds to his name with "Hello, folks," or some other original quip.

8:45—The concert.

8:50—Announcement of the station letters, the announcer's name, the corporation supplying the music, the corporation's product, its reasons for superiority, where it can be bought, the names of the entertainers, the station's letters.

9:00—The next advertising program.

E. R.

WHEN better laws are made Americans will break them.



Business Man (to interviewer): NOW, ALL YOU GOT TO DO IS MAKE ME OUT A TIMID, SENSITIVE FELLOW WITH A FEELING FOR BEAUTY.



"MOST INTERESTING MAN, THAT—AN AUTHORITY ON FISH CULTURE."
 "REALLY! I NEVER SUPPOSED THAT FISH *had* ANY CULTURE—THAT IS, TO SPEAK OF."

Heresy

FOR the tenth time the prisoner arose from his seat, clenched his fists, and repeated in the same dogged, almost hysterical voice: "I *did*."

For the tenth time the court room was thrown into turmoil. Men tapped their foreheads meaningly. Squeamish women left the room. There was an ominous mutter—that of a thousand people outraged past all enduring. On the face of the Judge was an expression which could mean but one thing: the death sentence.

"I *did*." Again those awful words burst upon the ears of the assembled gathering.

For the tenth time the prosecuting attorney faced the prisoner. "Do you realize the gravity of your words? Do you realize that they constitute not merely a confession but a treasonable insult? Do you realize that you are jeering at an entire

nation, scoffing at a cherished American tradition? And do you realize the penalty for your offense?"

"I do," came the answer.



Nubbville Spark

MRS. MELVY GREELEY, WHO HAD HER CHINS LIFTED A MONTH AGO, IS NOW UNDERGOIN' TREATMENT FER FALLING ARCHES.

"And you dare to repeat your statement for what I warn you will be the final time?"

"Yes!" shrieked the prisoner. "During my three-months' sojourn in Europe I *did* see a person who was intoxicated."

Parke Cummings.

Quite a Difference

JOHN, JR. (*just returned from elopement*): Why, Dad, you know you ran away yourself when you were a young fellow!

DAD: Yes, but I didn't take a woman with me!

Cover Charge

A BALD-HEADED man, Mr. Fay, Once decided a wig to essay, But the price was so high That he let it go high, For he thought it was too much toopay!

A Busy Day in the Life of Queen Marie of Rumania

8 A. M.—Rises. Takes seven baths, using different brand of bath salts each time. Dictates testimonial to maker of her favorite.

9 A. M.—Breakfast of Post Toasties, Shredded Wheat, Grape Nuts, Corn Flakes, H-O, and Sapolio. Decides in favor of Sapolio and writes testimonial accordingly.

10 A. M.—Dresses for day. Experiments with eighty-seven perfumes. Likes Three Flowers best, but withholds endorsement until arrival of certified check.

10:15 A. M.—Writes three movie scenarios, a novel, and several magazine articles.

10:30 A. M.—Luncheon. Sips nine different kinds of ginger ale. Writes appropriate testimonial.

12:30 P. M.—Suffers indigestion as result of ginger ale. Calls royal physician and is treated with nine different remedies. Decides Bell-Ans is best, and writes testimonial to Mr. Ans.

3:30 P. M.—Spends afternoon on long-distance phone prospecting marriage of only unwed daughter. Gets offers from three Kings, eight Princes, and one Grand Duke. Decides to wait until she finds what her American agency has dug up.

6 P. M.—Dinner. Tries eight sauces and four relishes on her Ham-

burger à la Bucharest. Favors a British sauce, but withholds recommendation. British manufacturers haven't been paying much lately.

8 P. M.—Opens mail from America and sorts out checks.

9 P. M.—Decides to go to America to save postage.

Elmer Roessner.



Burning His Bridges

Alyce: WHAT MAKES YOU THINK TOM IS GOING TO QUIT COLLEGE?
Mertyle: HE'S TRADED HIS UKULELE FOR A PAIR OF GARTERS.



Chief: DAMNED GOOD AD., JENKINS. NOW DO YOU SUPPOSE YOU COULD FIND SPACE DOWN IN A CORNER OR SOMEWHERE WHERE IT WOULDN'T INTERFERE WITH THE APPEAL TOO MUCH (THIS IS JUST A SUGGESTION, OLD MAN) AND TELL 'EM WHAT WE'RE SELLING?

The Psychology of Homo Americanensis

WHEN a politician promises to realize the millennium, raise wages 100%, abolish disease, put an automobile in every workingman's home, give every woman a diamond ring and abolish the drug traffic, all in the two-year period of his incumbency as county clerk, Homo Americanensis wildly applauds him.

When his bank, capital \$200,000,000, sends him a monthly statement of account prepared on an adding machine, Homo Americanensis says, "That can't be right." Then, after adding it up five times by different methods, he finds it is correct. Then he says, "H'm! I don't see how that can be right!"

Baron Ireland.

Canard!

THERE is no truth in the report that a magazine of "Bright Sayings of the President" (edited by the White House Spokesman) will be published under the title of *Coolidge Humor*.

ETHEL: And isn't their honeymoon over yet, my dear?

MABEL: Oh, not yet—you still can't understand a word they say to each other.



"Tin Gods"

IN "Tin Gods," Thomas Meighan makes a heroic effort to rise from the rut in which he has been traveling these many years. It wasn't exactly a rut, either: it was a nice, smooth, shady path—an uneventful trail that led nowhere. Along its course one might observe such pleasant milestones as "Our Leading Citizen," "Pied Piper Malone," "Old Home Week" and "Back Home and Broke"—all of them exactly alike.

"Tin Gods" gives Mr. Meighan the chance to detour through rougher but more interesting territory. It is by all odds the most dramatic of his offerings since "The City of Silent Men" and "Manslaughter."

The story is surprisingly sombre, with two violent deaths to jolt the genial Mr. Meighan from the happy lethargy into which he had descended. He is forced to betray actual emotion—and he does so extremely well. His representation of a man in the depths of hopeless despair is appealing and sturdily convincing.

In the latter portions of "Tin Gods," Mr. Meighan receives invaluable assistance from that extraordinarily sensitive, intelligent actress, Renée Adorée. To say that she is up to form is to say a lot.

"Tin Gods," at intervals, fails to ring true—but this certainly isn't the

fault of either Thomas Meighan or Renée Adorée, for both of them emerge from the picture with honors.

"The Fighting Marine"

WHEN Gene Tunney was comparatively obscure—with an outside chance to be matched with Dempsey and no chance at all to win the title—Pathé signed him up as the star of a serial called "The Fighting Marine." Now Pathé is cashing in on the results of a wild but incredibly lucky guess.

I have seen one installment of "The Fighting Marine" and I am more than ever convinced that Red Grange's performance in "One Minute to Play" is a remarkable achievement. Gene Tunney, on the screen, is about as animated, as graceful, as unself-conscious, as inspiring as a studio portrait of President Calvin Coolidge. Those of his admirers who see him in this highly unfavorable medium will want to look the other way.

As to "The Fighting Marine" itself, it was an interesting novelty for one who didn't believe that such things could still exist in the movies. While the silent drama in its other activities has been leaping forward through the years, film serials are still exactly as they were when Pearl White gave "The Perils of Pauline" to posterity. For every inch of pic-

torial action, there are ten feet of explanatory sub-titles, describing at great length the story thus far. And what a story it is!

GENE TUNNEY seems like a nice boy, and I'm glad he's the heavyweight champion of the world. But I don't think I shall see any further installments of "The Fighting Marine."

By Way of Reply

WHEN I intimated recently that I might not be a mean old crab, an anonymous correspondent hastened to give me an argument. She (I judge it was a lady) accused me of cruelty to the late Rudolph Valentino, saying, "a man has to die to get a good word out of you."

Turning back through the files of LIFE, I find that I said, over five years ago, "In the leading rôle is a newcomer, Rudolph Valentino, who has a decided edge—both in ability and appearance—over all the stock movie heroes, from Richard Barthelmess down. He tangoes, makes love and fights with equal grace. Both he and Alice Terry, who plays opposite him, will be stars in their own right before long."

That was in a review of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," which remains in my estimation the greatest of all Valentino's triumphs.

R. E. Sherwood.

Recent Developments

You'd Be Surprised. Raymond Griffith attempts an ambitious satire and succeeds in putting part of it across.

The Waning Sex. I don't like pictures of this type at all, in case you're interested.

Hold That Lion. Douglas MacLean in a rowdy comedy of the jungle.

Diplomacy. Complicated and rather dull intrigue, with missing papers, monacles, etc.

The Strong Man. Harry Langdon will make you laugh if you can restrain the sobs of sympathy which he inspires.

So This Is Paris. Weak work by Ernst Lubitsch, but don't let what I say deter you from seeing it.

The Show-Off. Ford Sterling and Lois Wilson are really fine in this.

Mare Nostrum. The low-down on the German submarines in the Mediterranean, directed by Rex Ingram.

Battling Butler. Buster Keaton in a fast, furious and exceptionally funny comedy.

Nell Gwyn. A spectacular drama of life in the Restoration period, with the alert Dorothy Gish.

Don Juan. John Barrymore and several lovely ladies prove that necking was not invented by the present generation.

One Minute to Play. Undergraduate pranks and heartaches at dear old Par-

mallee, with Red Grange doing surprisingly well.

Ben-Hur. Colossal, stupendous, vast, huge, gargantuan, mammoth—and also quite good.

Aloma of the South Seas. Gilda Gray is very alluring indeed in another of those things.

Mantrap. Somewhat satirical farce in a sylvan setting, with Clara Bow to make it interesting.

Beau Geste, The Scarlet Letter, The Black Pirate, Variety, Sparrows and The Big Parade. Previously recommended.

Five hundred color and upholstery combinations • • fifty body styles and types

America has greeted Cadillac's individualization of motor car choice with an enthusiasm fully equal to that which accompanied its first realization that in this great new line of Cadillac cars had been achieved a new and sensational advance in motor car performance.

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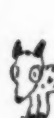
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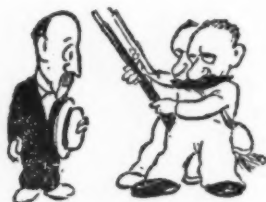
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"I HUNT THE GIANT COCKATOO, THE SPOTTED BANDICOOT AND THE WILD MASKED MONKEY!"



"I'M ALWAYS ON THE LOOKOUT, SUMMER AS WELL AS WINTER!"



"WITH A GUN IN MY HAND, I FEEL MYSELF TO BE TWO MEN!"



"AND WHAT AN EYE! I CAN DISTINGUISH THE TRACES OF THE MALE FROM THE FEMALE!"



"AS A TRACKER I AM AT LEAST THREE MEN!"



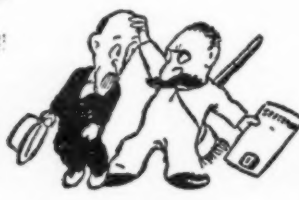
"I CREEP UP ON MY PREY, I LEAP, I CRAWL, I STRANGLE IT!"



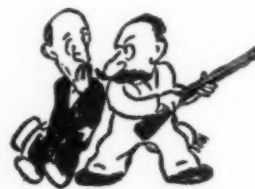
"I WOULD FOLLOW IT TO THE TOP OF THE DOME OF THE INVALIDES!"



"FROM SEPTEMBER ON, I KNIT MY BROWS..."



"I BOIL, I SEE RED!!"



"I MUST KILL. I MUST DEMOLISH!"



"I DISCLOSE THE SOUL OF AN APACHE!"



"I KILL EVERYTHING THAT MOVES! LET ANYTHING STIR—IT'S A GONER!!"



"BEHIND ME I LEAVE NOTHING BUT CORPSES!"



"I MUST EXTERMINATE! I MUST EXECUTE! I MUST HAVE GORE! NOTHING BUT GORE!"



"I'M THIRSTY FOR GORE! I COULD DRINK BOWLS OF GORE!!!!!"



The Huntsman's Wife: GORE—INDEED!! AND YOU TURNING YOUR HEAD AWAY EVERY TIME I PLUCK A CHICKEN!!!

The Catch

WHEN Hammerstein's was to Broadway what the Palace is now, the policy of the house was to feature sensational acts. One day a booking agent submitted as an act a would-be suicide. "He's tired of living, anyway," said the act salesman, "and intends shooting himself next week. He will do it for you on your stage if you pay his family \$500 in advance. He ought to be some card."

"He sure ought," replied Willie Hammerstein, "but what would he do for an encore?"—*New York Graphic*.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Right Now

AN old colored woman was telling her mistress about something which had happened to her. Her mistress asked her if it had happened lately. "No, ma'am! That happened soonly," replied the colored woman.

—*Charleston News and Courier*.

OLD-FASHIONED courtship has been discovered among the lower animals. So that's where it has gone!

—*New York Evening Post*.



Man-About-Town (sorrowfully):
ANYBODY WHO CAN DO THAT HAS
THE WOMAN PROBLEM SOLVED FOR
GOOD.

—*Fliegende Blätter* (Munich).

"WHAT are you thinking about?"

"Thanks for the compliment."

—*Notre Dame Juggler*.

General Literature

ON being asked what books he has read in high school, almost every freshman is prepared to write in reply: "I have read all of Shakespeare's such as Mac Beth and Jullius Ceasar, and I have read Zane Grey and Ivanhoe, and all of Dickens such as David Coperfield and Sidney Carton and we studied a green book."—*Kansas City Star*.

Glass of Soda with tablespoonful Abbott's Bitters a good tonic and palatable. Sample Bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Now It Can Be Told

A GENTLEMAN was describing one of those very modern young ladies whose habit it is to adjust their garters in public, displaying the while an engaging glimpse of their undies. "Ah," murmured Mr. David H. Wallace, "her mentionables."—*New Yorker*.

THE shrewdest definition, so far, of a pro football player: one who is paid to give imitations of the way he played in college.—*Detroit News*.

IN Los Angeles the main thing is hoax populi.—*Dallas News*.

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Fair Exchange

A **VAUDEVILLE** theatre in New York recently announced, as its stellar attraction, "Ethel Barrymore in Barrie's play, 'THE TWELVE POUND (SIXTY DOLLAR) LOOK.'"

This was quite correct, of course, and one can not condemn the vaudeville management for its meticulous truthfulness in advertising. But suppose they had been equally careful when Miss Barrymore appeared in this play three or four years ago, before the pound sterling had regained its traditional stability. The advertisements on Wednesday might have referred to "The Twelve Pound (Thirty-two Dollars and Eighty-four Cents) Look," and then on Friday, as the rates of exchange fluctuated, to "The Twelve Pound (Thirty-one Dollars and Eighteen Cents) Look." It would all have been frightfully confusing.

Perhaps Mr. Winston Churchill foresaw this very emergency when he caused the restoration of the gold basis in Old England.

FAIRY Story—Once there was a man who went into a haberdashery to buy just one collar and emerged after having bought just one collar.

LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation for the past thirty-nine years. In that time it has expended \$322,822.71 and has given a happy holiday in the country to 48,647 poor city children.

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ERS WOULD MAKE. WHY, YOUSE COULD WRAP
IT AROUND A GUY'S HEAD AND TAKE HIS ROLL
AND HE'D NEVER KNOW WOT HAPPENED."

Next Week—



The CRIME NUMBER

a delicate tribute to America's new national sport—
with a cover by L. T. HOLTON and another of
ROBERT BENCHLEY'S "Fascinating Crimes."

♦ ♦ ♦

Following this comes the

Odd Number

with a cover entitled, "Guaranteed to Make No
Sense," by John Held, Jr. THE ODD NUMBER
is to be absolutely crazy—a wild flight into the
realms of fantastic insanity. Watch for it. You
will find it startling, if nothing else.

♦ ♦ ♦

The Football, Thanksgiving and Radio Numbers

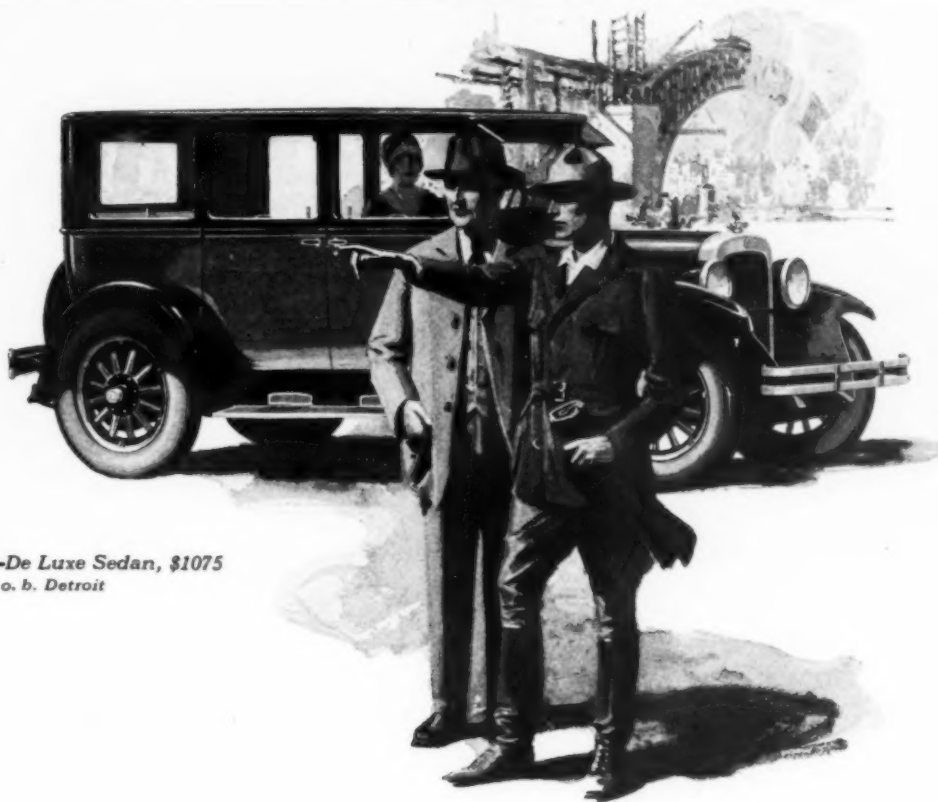
follow, leading up to the big event of the year, the

Christmas Number

for which COLES PHILLIPS has designed one of
his most alluring covers.

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Only those who have driven a Dodge Brothers Motor Car BUILT RECENTLY can fully appreciate all that Dodge Brothers have accomplished during the past few months.

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You will want to take the Indian-detour—by Harveycar \$45.00 extra, including everything, and conducted by Fred Harvey—through the land of prehistoric America. Also stop at Grand Canyon.

just mail this

W. J. Black, Pass. Traf. Mgr., Santa Fe Sys. Lines
1165 Railway Exchange, Chicago, Illinois
Send me free Santa Fe folders of trains and trip to California.

Among the New Books

Saviours of Society. By Stephen McKenna (*Little, Brown*). A novel of English social and political life, with a Napoleonic hero feared and hated by men and loved by at least three women.

The Blue Bonnet. By Augustus Muir (*Bobbs-Merrill*). An attempt to launch a Scotch Penrod.

Romantic—I Call It. By Ethel Harman (*Boni & Liveright*). The publishers of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" put forth another intimate diary—this time that of a clubwoman—which misses its mark by several miles.

The Poetry of Nonsense. By Emile Cammaerts (*Dutton*). A discourse, with samples, on one of the world's delightful subjects.

Plato's American Republic. By Douglas Woodruff (*Dutton*). How Socrates would cover the present American scene and situation.

Mr. and Mrs. Haddock in Paris, France. By Donald Ogden Stewart (*Harper*). More international satire superinduced by a pair of well-known trippers and their daughter, little Mildred.

Gabrielle. By W. B. Maxwell (*Dodd, Mead*). The child of an inter-class marriage fights her way through. To be reviewed later.

Joanna Godden Married, and Other Stories. By Sheila Kaye-Smith (*Harper*). And amongst the "other stories" is one entitled "A Day in a Woman's Life."

The D-licatessen Husband. By Florence Guy Seabury (*Harcourt, Brace*). Light essays on the plight of man under woman's new status. With illustrations by Clarence Day, Jr.

Mrs. Merivale. By Paul Kimball (*Clode*). A novel about a woman quack which won the Clode prize of \$2,500.

Backyard. By Gloria Goddard (*McBride*). Another tale of small-town life.

Three Women. By Faith Baldwin (*Dodd, Mead*). The reactions of three generations to love and life adroitly fictionalized.

Summer Storm. By Frank Swinerton (*Doran*). A master hand again takes up the environment and struggles of two young women in the summer time of life.

A Musician and His Wife. By Mrs. Reginald De Koven (*Harper*). Memoirs revealing interesting figures and aspects of American life in the seventies, eighties and nineties.

Murder for Profit. By William Bolitho (*Harper*). A series of studies in the abnormal centering around several gentlemen who went in for wholesale slaughter. B. L.

Books Received

The Great American Ass. Anonymous (*Brentano*).

Strangers. By Dorothy Van Doren (*Doran*).

The Vicarion. By Gardner Hunting (*Unity*).

Tom-Tom. By John W. Vandercook (*Harper*).

Here Come Swords. By Coutts Brisbane (*Dodd, Mead*).

Moses in Red. By Lincoln Steffens (*Dorance*).

The Dancing Floor. By John Buchan (*Houghton, Mifflin*).

Alchemy, and Other Poems. By Marjorie Felkner Wagner (*Gorham Press*).

**COME TO
HAVANA**



*Exquisite Isle
of Delight*



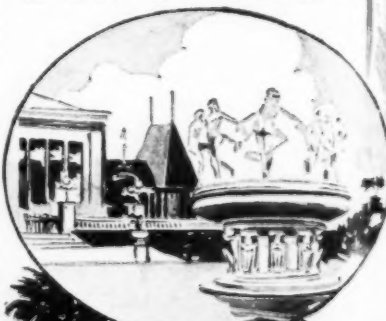
GOLFING... 'mid stately Royal Palms waving to skies of cerulean blue. Fishing, yachting, bathing... in a sea of deepest azure... warm and peaceful... sparkling in the gorgeous sunshine. Tennis, polo, hunting, thrilling jai-alai, horse racing... indescribably delightful, invigorating, healthful... in Cuba's springlike climate... its entrancing tropical beauty.

And the charming social life... cultured, refined... but free and unrestricted... a gracious, hospitable people... making pleasure an art.

Intriguing Havana... city of contrasts... quaint, romantic, century-old scenes mingling with modern wealth and progress... different... foreign... yet friendly. A visit to Cuba is an unforgettable experience.

(In Cuba even the warmest summer day is made pleasant by the cool trade winds. The temperature during 1925 never rose above 93 nor fell below 66 degrees.)

Cuba is only 90 miles from America



ORIGINAL MELACHRINO

"The One Cigarette Sold the World Over"

Melachrino cigarettes are made of the very finest Turkish. No tobacco in the world equals Turkish in delicacy of flavor, aromatic qualities, smoothness and richness.



PRINCE GEORGES MATCHABELLI

Bearer of a name that goes back to the ninth century Former minister to Rome from Georgia, Russia. The Prince is but one of the many scions of royalty and nobility the world over who smoke and endorse Melachrino cigarettes.



Plain-Cork
or
Straw Tips

30¢ the packet of 20
15¢ the packet of 10



*June 2^d 1925
New York*

M M

*I am glad to tell you
how much I like your
Melachrino cigarettes and
I smoke them with the
greatest of Pleasure*

Prince Georges Matchabelli

White Rock Ginger Ale

MADE ONLY WITH WHITE ROCK WATER

*It is the drink of
those who know
—the choice of con-
noisseurs. To serve
it is a compliment—*



Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 10)

he meeting a boat, and in casting about for a place of refuge until my cronies would be stirring, I did bethink me that I had never been in the Public Library, so thence straightway to look up a point in French architecture about which I have lately had a dispute, but Lord! I was obliged to search out so many titles, write out so many numbers and stand in so many lines, that I began to fear that if I did ever finish the business I should be stamped with a rubber seal and shot through a tube, so over to the new house to see if the painters were doing as they had been bidden, which painters never are, and why it is they should want so vehemently to superimpose their ideas of color on those of the tenant I do not see, nor why it seems to be against the articles of their religion to paint a ceiling anything but a ghastly white or indifferent cream. Found, thank God, they had finally reached the shade of green for which Sam and I had virtually fought and bled, and of which, in my grateful excitement, I did carry away a small sample on my skirt, an accident which I did not mind as much as I might have, for I can look at the spot from time to time until we move in and be reassured that all is well. This night we did spend in an inn, I so agog over the unusual experience that Sam cautioned me to be my age and go to DePinna's the next time I needed clothes. He, poor wretch, did fall upon the Bible which he found in our sitting-rooms as though it were a curiosity, and punctuated my perusal of "The Romantic Comedians" with passages from it until I was at some pains not to speak sharply to him. Reading aloud to an unresponsive ear should be, methinks, one of the leading grounds for divorce.

Baird Leonard.

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\$1.00 DOWN



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The Insured Watch Jewels

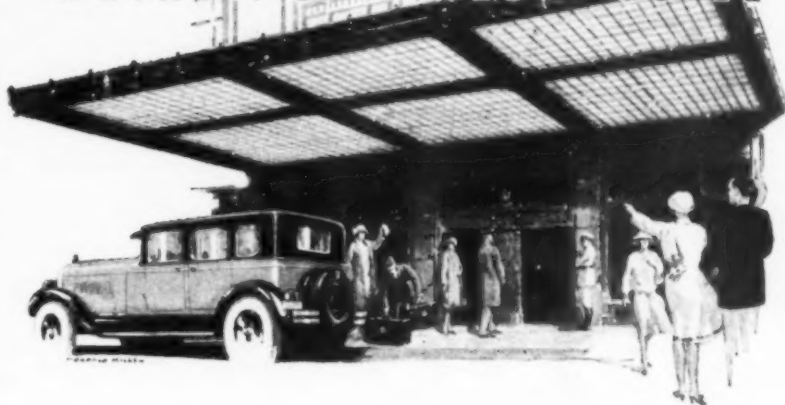
Only \$1.00 down! Balance in easy monthly payments. So good we insure it for your lifetime. 21 Ruby and Sapphire Jewels. 8 adjustments including heat, cold, isochronism and 5 positions. Amazingly accurate. Sold direct from factory at lowest prices. You save at least 30%. Over 100,000 sold. Investigate!

Write for FREE CATALOG
Send at once for our \$1.00 down offer and beautiful six color catalog showing 60 newest Art Beauty cases. Latest designs in gold, green gold and white gold effects. Men's strap watches and Ladies' bracelet watches also. Special sale now on. Write!

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WATCHES • DIAMONDS • JEWELRY
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Book-Cadillac

DETROIT'S FINEST HOTEL



Where there's Rest at Journey's End

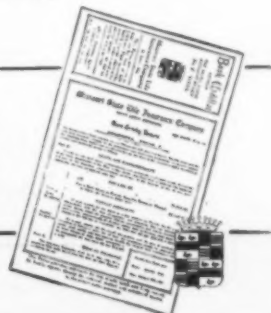
They say that there's a kind of restfulness to be found in the Book-Cadillac Hotel like to that of a pleasant home. You probably have found that true, you probably have found that from the west doorway up the great staircase, down the long lobby, into the elevators and up to your room there's a something, an *atmosphere* of restfulness. You've felt that this was home . . . If you haven't stayed here yet, we welcome you. You will find a colorful, cheerful hotel with five dining rooms, some with and some without music. There are 1200 rooms all above the seventh floor, quiet, all are outside, light and airy, all have bath. 560 of them are priced

at \$4 and \$5 a day. The beds are the softest, the sleepest that we could find. When you come, we'll do our utmost to make your stay with us memorable, unforgettable. They say that it is like a pleasant home.

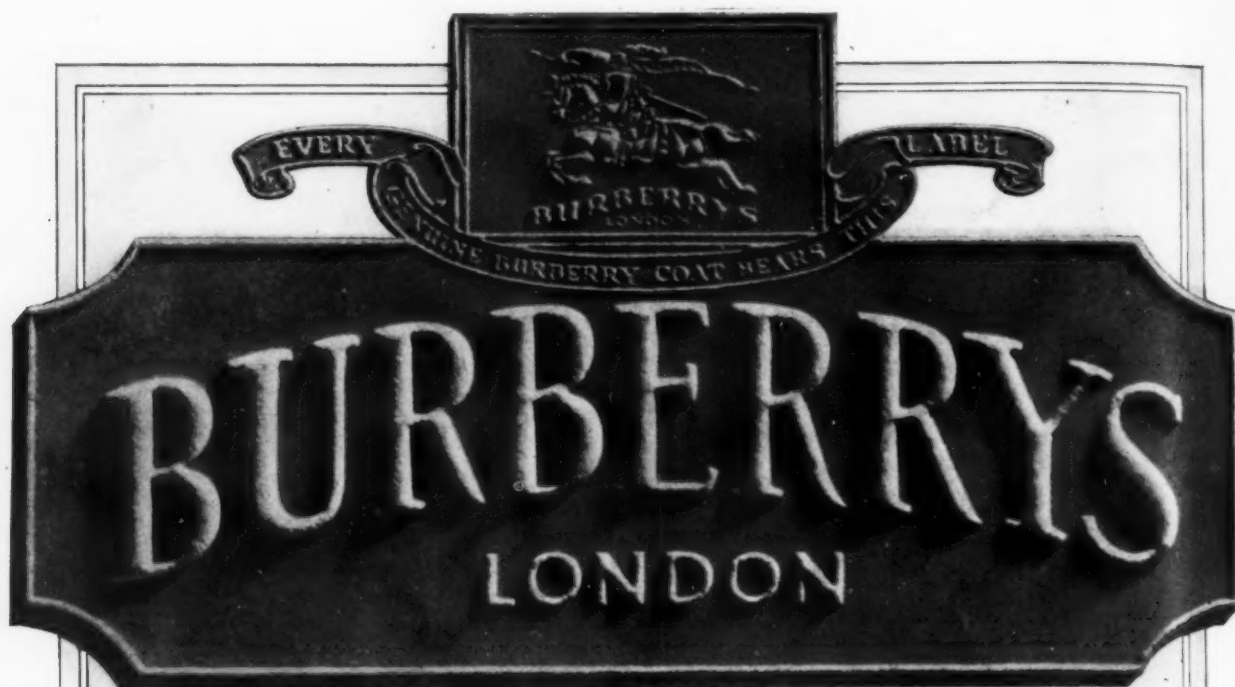


THE BOOK-CADILLAC HOTEL COMPANY
DETROIT
Roy Carruthers, President

To each guest as he pays his bill is given a receipt and attached is an insurance policy valid for 48 hours. It is an extension of Book-Cadillac service to see you safely home. Indemnity: \$5,000.00 in case of accidental death; \$2,500.00 for loss of limb; and \$25.00 weekly for wholly disabling injuries



Life



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The Fisk Tire Company, Inc., Chicopee Falls, Mass.

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For, all the world over, no other cigarette cheers and satisfies like a Camel. The golden enjoyment of Camels makes every happy holiday happier, adds the sense of well-being to every friendly occasion. Camels are made of the choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos grown—they are the cigarettes that never tire the taste, never leave a cigarette after-taste. Millions who could well afford to pay more will smoke only Camels.

So as you join the gay throngs at the horse show. After each thrilling event—know then the enjoyment of the finest in cigarettes.

Have a Camel!



Our highest wish, if you do not yet know Camel quality, is that you try them. We invite you to compare Camels with any other cigarette made at any price.

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